

**Another New Song to another
old Tune.**

AIR, "*John Anderson, my Jo.*"

John Donellan, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your politics were good, John,
On Freedom you were bent.
But now you're getting old, John,
You've forgotten long ago,
And you've turned Tory on our hands,
John Donellan, my Jo.

John Donellan, my Jo, John,
In *Eighteen, Thirty Two*,
TRACY, the friend of Irishmen,
Found an enemy in you.
You left our ranks in dudgeon, then,
And joined our mortal foe ;
Then quid the vote you'll get from us,
John Donellan, my Jo.

John Donellan, my Jo, John,
You swore you would oppose
The 92 Resolves, John,
We passed against our foes.
But we'll stick by O'CONNELL, John,
Whilst HANCOCK and AULDJO
Spill their blood in your support,
John Donellan, my Jo.

John Donellan, my Jo, John,
You hope to gain your ends,
With ARMOUR & TOM BEGLEY, John,
And such like Tory friends,
Who falsely called the IRISH, John,
"The tools of Papineau,"
Because we would not be *their* tools
John Donellan, my Jo.

John Donellan, my Jo, John,
The day is coming fast
When you will be defeated John—
When you'll have polled your last.
And then you'll toddle home, John,
Cursing Doyle and Co.
Who first advised you to set up,
John Donellan, my Jo.

For the Irish have resolved, John,
To stick like friends together
And not desert the truth, John,
For you or any other.
With PAPINEAU & NELSON—John,
They triumphed long ago,
And they'll conquer with the same again
John Donellan, my Jo.